Promenade on Easter

Morning.

While fashionable people may not follow

new spring attire on Easter, this rule does

the children's little Fifth avenue on Easter

morning is a very fashion plate of the new-

The babies' Fifth avenue is in Park avenue

between Thirty-fourth and Fortieth streets.

As on the real Fifth avenue, the west side

of the street is favored for the promenade.

is that it is almost exclusively devoted to

small children. When the children are not

Many of these small fashionable folks are

so little that they cannot walk yet. Nurses

tower above their charges like giants. So

does the proud father, who has wearied of

watching his small boy from the window

and has favored him with his company

long grasses. Some of them roll their eyes languorously under the wide frills of

out in fine dark shadow on the sidewalk

as the owner runs to make them stream out straight.

The littlest ladies of all are too little

to be interested in vanities. Their eyes open and shut—principally shut—sleepily at their most wide awake moments. Park avenue air is soporific for the extremely little.

lace cap they wear, nor do they heed the

gorgeous new carriage cover, with its great bow standing up like an assertive flower and its lace ruffle rippling softly. Others

and its later ruline applies solity. Others not quite so little are quite as big coquettes as their promenading sisters. They play peek-a-boo with you under the brimof their Easter bonnets. Little pillowed boys are as indifferent

to the gay world they are being wheeled through as their pillowed sisters. Those who

sit up in their carriages are tremendously energetic and beam broadly under their new pomponned sailors. The nurses are radiant with pride and

get into groups every now and then and

some blocks out of one's way so see-little

ASPARAGUS CROP HIT HARD.

California Canneries Put Out of Business

by a Flood.

It is a little curious that half of the acres

in California devoted to the raising of

asparagus for the canning industry are

on a number of islands that huddle together

near the junction of the Sacramento and

San Joaquin rivers. Here the largest as

The soil is peculiarly adapted for the crop, and all the islands were purchased

years ago by canning companies and the

entire area of 7,000 acres devoted to the

But there was one danger. Both the

Sacramento and the San Joaquin rivers rise among the mountains and develop to the fullest extent the peculiarities of such

One day they may be flowing placidly between their banks and the next they may

suddenly receive an enormous accession of

water from great downpours on the moun-tains. The rivers rise as if by magic, over-flow their banks and tear madly along.

The next day they may resume their wonted composure and flow peacefully between

their banks again.

An unusual flood spasm struck them last week with most disastrous results to the asparagus industry of the State. The

around the edges of the island. These embankments have withstood many a flood, but the inundation of last week was

has been reduced one-half.

The rest of the acreage in the State devoted to the vegetable for canning purposes is not larger than that of the destroyed fields. This is an illustration of the

disaster that may befall an industry whose interests are largely centred in one place. Any damage there may cripple the entire

Twelve Years Old, Weighs 215 Pounds

From the Fulton (Mo.) Sun

The biggest boy in Missouri of his age is Early Payne of Fulton, a negro. Early is 12

has been reduced one-half.

paragus interests have been centred.

raising of asparagus.

Fifth avenue of an Easter morning.

to them.

and the handle of his cane for a support.

there it is practically deserted.

One striking feature of little Fifth avenue

est things in modes for very little people.

SIZERS

THE TRICKS SOME WIVES ARE PLAYING ON THEIR HUSBANDS NOWADAYS. & & &

"Do you know the sizes of the things your The manager of a big department store

shot this question at the friend with whom he was taking luncheon.

"Not guilty," was the reply. "No more than I know the size in inches of the average Zulu's belt string. Why?"
"Well, then," said the store manager,

you can hand yourself a pat on the back that you're not being gently shoved along for a good thing by your wife. Amazing number of sizers in trousers hopping around the shops nowadays."

"Sizers?" said the other man. "Say, out out the riddle thing. What's a sizer?" "New breed of trousered creature," explained the store manager. "Only developed to its high state of efficiency, complaisancy and good thingness during recent

"It's pretty soft for the woman who has a sizer answering to the pet name of hubby on her staff. Saves her a vast lot of hard work, and, besides, she gets about four times more out of the game than the woman whose husband doesn't belong to the sizer

"That sounds bully," said the other man *So does a Chinese orchestra when you're in Shanghai. But this is New York. What's a sizer?"

"Well," the store manager explained, Fa sizer is a married man who knows the sizes of everything his wife wears, from soup to-that is to say-er-the whole works, you know. Why, any cash girl around a big store, nowadays, knows what a sizer is, and can spot one of 'em as soon as he swings into the plant.

I should say that at least one married man out of every three in New York at this stage of it is a sizer. Which speaks highly for the acumen and adroitness, not to say foxiness, of New York married women.

"A woman whose husband is a sizer has got just a dead open-and-shut snap-there's nothing to that. There isn't anything coming to her in the way of togs, inside or outside, that she doesn't get fourfold, and she's fixed for life, at that, or as long as her man's bank roll lasts, for once a married man becomes a sizer he never gets over

"He falls for his wife's little connerino gag for the remainder of their married She has only to continue to shoot the bunk into him, and he'll get so stuck on his ability as a shopper for his wife that he'll hate to go home from work without carrying something wearable to her of his own selec-

Few men are born sizers. Their sisters don't teach 'em how to be sizers, either. Their wives start them along that path.

"A commuter is pretty liable to develop into a sizer, and, as I say, when he once becomes one, he never gets over it.

"The commuter's wife wants a pair of gloves, say, for a party that evening in the Lonesomehurst place, and she hasn't the time or the inclination to come up to town just to buy a pair of gloves. So she gives her husband, before he hustles for the train in the morning, her glove size and directions as to the kind of gloves she

That starts him off as a sizer. If she came up to New York for the gloves, the probabilities are that she'd dig around all day for a pair on the bargain counter at in his earliest stage as a sizer, doesn't do that.

"He walks up to the glove-counter of the first women's store he reaches, and says to

the girl:
"I want a pair of white kid gloves naming the size. " 'About what price?' the girl inquirles knowing perfectly well that a man would

rather get run over by a milk wagon than look like a piker before a shop girl. a 'Oh, I want the good stuff,' the man pays, in that off-hand, I'm-no-oheap-ekate

way, and the girl flashes a pair of \$3 white gloves on him. "They look all right," says the einer in

embryo, picking the gloves up and pre-tending to know something about them by the way he inspects the seams. 'How ch do they set me back?"

"Three,' says the girl, and the man digs the three bones and takes the gloves.

"I guess I'm kind o' poor when it com to that shopping gag, hey?" he says to his wife as he tosses the gloves into her lap. Kind o' common, ornery-looking gloves,

hat pair, yes?" "She undoes the bundle and holds the gloves out before her enthusiastically.

Why, where in the wide world did you get such bee-yu-ti-ful ones?' she asks him, while he swells up with pride. 'Why, you extravagant old thing, you! They could'nt have cost you a penny less than \$6. I saw a pair exactly like them at Ta-Ra-Ra's only last Tuesday marked \$6-imported you know. Why, you reckless old love! and then he stands grinning elatedly while

that hug thing is pulled off.

"Six, nothin',' he says, with pompous amiability. 'Catch me falling for six bucks for a pair of mittel They're the six kind at that, but I want to tell you that there's a hull lot in this thing of knowing how and where to buy women's truck. Only drained me of three simoleons, those gloves, but I bet you the cutest box of candy that you ever saw that you couldn't bave snagged 'em for any three.'

"'Why,' she says, holding him at arm's length, admiringly, 'I just know that I couldn't! I declare, you have a perfect genius for getting just the right things, and how you do it, gracious sakes alive, with so many things to worry you in your business-Well, I just know one thing,

"'Oh. I guess I'm not such a lob,' he says then, all bloated out of shape by her praises. 'Hereafter, when you want anything in town and don't feel like making the ride up, just notify your little Archie and be'll ne pretty near landing right, and he won't let these shop sharks bite any hunks

out of him, either.' "And that's the way the sizer puts his neck into the noose. There isn't anything easier in this life than for a married woman to fan her husband into a flame of selfadmiration, and when she gets him nudged along that way as to his cloverness at the shopping gag it's all off with him.

"He'll stand a tap any old day for the

joy of having his wife hold up her hands ecstatically over the gear he's picked out for her when he gets home. And that's the reason why so many commuters we know haven't got anything besides the red and green painted shack out in the woods; they're sizers.

"A lot of New York married men become sizers, too, by living out of town at nearby resorts during the hot months.

"One morning, when it's sizzling hot, she mentions at the breakfast table that she doesn't know what she's going to do, she needs stockings so badly; but it's too hot to take a chance on going up to New York, and if she only thought that be er -would have the time and could get the right kind---

"'Oh, I'm not such a pinhead as you probably think I am,' he says then. 'I guess I can make a stab at buying you some ho siery without getting arrested or anything like that. What's your size, anyhow?' "She tells him the size, and he jots it down on his cuff or in a notebook.

"'Want some number nine stockings, black,' he says to the girl at the stocking

" 'Liste or silk?' inquires the girl, superfluously-she knows it for a cinch that he'll have only one answer to that question f he has the looks of a New Yorker. 'Why, silk, sure,' he replies, grandiosely,

and the girl stakes him to a peek at the \$3 kind, and he falls for half a dozen pairs of them when the young woman behind the counter mentions that that's the kind that Lillian Russell wears.

" 'Very sleazy goods,' the girl says, as his chest begins to grow. You could pass a a pair of these through a small fingerring.'

" 'Maybe you're in bad when you're wearing the same kind of hosiery as Lillian Russell,' the unfortunate makings of a sizer says exultantly to his wife when he hands her the bundle upon his arrival at the summer stopping place that evening. 'Put a dent in me, at that-but say, just look at the quality of 'em! Why, you could pass one of 'em through a finger-ring-look here!' and he tries the trick, and is tickled foolish when it really comes out that way and he gets by with it.

"She almost weeps in her delight over his artistic taste, and that's how oodles of married chaps who live out of town during the heated spell grow into sizers. There's many a woman in this town wearing \$3 hosiery of the silkerino kind as a regular everyday thing who never knew what it was to stake herself to anything better than the mixed lisle-and-cotton 75-cent kind until she'd trained her husband into becoming a sizer.

"And it's only a step from gloves and stockings to waists and skirts and kimonos and even hats.

"The sizer traipses right along to his doom, and before long he has, duly tabulated in his little notebook, the sizes of everything that his wife wears. When he gets it as pat as this he's trained for fair.

"Passing by a window in which there is a swell display of waists, he sees one that it strikes him would look mighty well on his wife-and it's only fair to say, when it comes to that, that most men nowadays have got a corking right and good idea as to what'll look well on their wives.

"He stops and looks and rubbers and begins to figure on the size of the bundle in his pajams.

"'Eighteen bucks for that waist, hey?' he says to himself. Why, that is like robbing the firm-cheap as dirt. B'lieve I've got twenty-two in my kick now, and I guess I wouldn't make a hit for myself see, she wears a thirty-six waist,' and then nine times out of ten, he shoots into the store and cops out the waist, even if the giving up of the eighteen scads entails a number of genuine sacrifices on his part.

"You see, a fellow doesn't mind making whole heap of sacrifices as long as he gets a lot of praise for it. When he carries the waist home, his wife immediately calls in all the women of her acquaintance from the other flats and spreads the waist out and shows it to 'em and tells 'em that her husband picked it out all by his lonesome, and asks them if they don't think he has the most artistic taste ever.

"The other women plug the game along by saying that the waist is just grand, and say that 'deed they wished their husbands would fetch things home that way declaring, however, that they, the other husbands, never think of such a thing. It must be so lovely to have such a thoughtful husband-and one who has such a clever eye for effects, too-perfectly mar-vellous, they think it. How in the world

did he know what size to get? "'Oh,' says the sizer's wife, 'Jack knows the size of everything I wear; and the dear old chap is forever fetching home the

loveliest things! "During all of which the sizer sits or stands around the flat, taking it all in, but trying not to look self-conscious, but buffed out, at that, to the ends of his fingers over the ten-strike he's made.

"The wife of the trained sizer gets him

The wite of the trained sizer gets him to design her gowns for her after she has him thoroughly seasoned. She tells him that she's given up trying to arrange the details of pretty frocks for herself—his judgment is so infallibly superior to hers, and the things that he has designed have always attracted so much attention and approval.

always attracted so much attention and approval.

"When a woman gets a man to believing that he's a star dress designer, his condition is hopeless. There's no cure for him, "She knows exactly what she wants, and by gradual stages, but making him believe all the time that he's the whole plant and doing it all himself, she leads him around to expressing his preference for exactly the thing that she wants, and then it's all over. She gets the frock that she has made up her mind to have, and he gets the credit of having designed it, the poor jay.

"The sizer likewise picks out his wife's hats. That it to say, she goes to her regular hat place and picks out the hat she wants and then, a day or so later, she tells him

hat place and picks out the hat she wants and then, a day or so later, she tells him that she needs a new hat, but that she wouldn't think of selecting one unless he accompanied her—she always made such a dismal hash of picking out a satisfactory hat without his judgment to go by.

"Then she leads him to the hat that she has already picked out and had put aside, and she tries it on with little exclamations of delight and tells him that it's just the kind of a hat that he's always been so fond of. For that reason alone, she says, she'd

kind of a hat that he's always been so fond of. For that reason alone, she says, she'd like to have it—the hats that he picked out for her always grew on her so, she goes on—but of course the price is ridiculously high—she wouldn't think of paying such a figure for a hat, even if he was such a dear as to be crazy for her to have it, and—"That'll be all right about the price,' he says, pompously, then. 'That's the lid I've picked out for you, and that's the one you're going to take, see? You don't know a swell-looking top-piece when you see it, my dear. That's a babe of a looking hat on you, and I guess I can stand for the price—that end of it's up to me, anyhow."

"And she cops out the hat of his selection. "There isn't anything much easier than

"There isn't anything much easier than trained and seasoned sizer extant now that the green-goods come-ons have got

WHEN THE GIRLS COME HOME. THE AVENUE OF THE BABIES.

THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION RARELY SEES SUCH A TIME.

Vassar and Smith and Wellesley Have Sent Out Their Hundreds, the City Has Furnished Thousands of Welcoming Friends, and Such a To-Do There Is

Nothing in that daily whirlpool of excitement and stir, the Grand Central Station, exceeds the scenes enacted when the college girls come home for Easter. Vassar, Smith, Wellesley and other colleges and preparatory schools in New York and New England then pour their thousands into this city by way of the Grand Central Station. ome to stay in town, others on their way through to places South, East and West. Hundreds arrive in a single afternoon

y express trains often due within a few inutes of one another. Outside the gates valt other hundreds of men, women and children come to welcome the arriving college girls. Handkerchiefs make a fluttering oam across the front and top of the wait ng crowd, and answering signals are sent from the serried ranks of young women who come burden-laden up the narroy asphalted walks between the trains.

When two or three trainloads of ar ivals are let loose within a few minutes of each other, the scene is confusion almost eyond belief. Girls who are immersed in aking leave of chums bound out of town are suddenly seized and snatched out of the buzzing crowd by anxious friends or relatives. Forty questions are fired at each girl in a single breath. There are smiles and tears and kisses and convulsive embraces, wild cries for baggage checks, sudden and informal introductions, warn-

ings and admonitions.

It looks as if it ought to be easy for any brother or parent to pick out a sister or daughter from a crowd filing along within five paces, but among several hundred young women of near the same age and all dressed approximately in the same fashion, the number of resemblances in face and figure is bewildering. The wel-comers peer eagerly beneath scores of bobbing hats in vain search for the one esired, and the running fire of commen and query from the dense phalanx of eage watchers makes a hubbub of voices be

meath the great arch of the station shed.

Then when the right girl is surely spotted comes the difficulty of catching her eye, amid the distractions of her leavetaking rom friends. Often when communications have actually been established, the crush of students and welcoming friends pressing forward upon one another is so great that the final meeting is long postponed, and mother and daughter some-times fall into each other's arms with their garments sadly ruffled after the struggle

through the opposing crowds.

The station employees look on at these demonstrations in helpless astonishment. Most of them have seen the performance many times, but it comes to them at each vacation period with a new surprise. Chance travellers who see the demonstration is the statement of the constraint of the const chance travellers who see the demonstra-tion without realizing what it all means, watch the humming, chattering crowd with a new sense of the vastness and va-riety of New York. Even stolid old commuters, who have passed a lifetime catching trains by a quarter second and seeking to squeeze the maximum of comfort out of ill conditions, pause for an instant out of ill conditions, pause for an instant in their homeward flight to watch the in their homeward flight to watch the college girls, and many a grizzled veteran of the multiple-punched ticket catches himself wishing that he might be young again amid all that prodigal display of youth.

PASSOVER DELICACIES. Especially Matzoth Balls Sought in Kosher Restaurants Just Now.

"Passover patrons? Of course, I have hem, the same as most of the kosher restaurants," said the proprietor of a downtown eating house, famous for its Passover They are the customers who cookery. never set foot here at any other season, but crop up regularly when it's the time of year for almond torte, prune omelet and matzoth ball soup.

"They come from various motives, some because during this festival above all others a Jew is commanded to keep the dietary laws. In fact, there is a Talmudic tradition which runs that the one who eats chometz, or leaven, shall not live out the full measure of days allotted at birth. But there is little doubt that the Passover goodles draw a great many of them.

"You see, it is not always posible to get these things at home, especially for the younger or middle aged men, who make up the bulk of our trade. Why? Oh, a

dozen different reasons. "For one thing, there are lots of mixed marriages, nowadays If the mistress of the house is a Centile she naturally does not know the name even of these dishes much less how to prepare them. And you'd be surprised to find how many men with Jewish wives are in the same boat.

"The women of to-day do not care to stand in their kitchens for long hours, as did their mothers and grandmothers, pounding and chopping almonds, stoning raisins or preparing for the Seder (festival) super. In more households than you would believe possible Passover is simply recognized by the substitution of matzoth

for bread.

"So if a man has a hankering for any of the Old World goodies, why he's naturally obliged to come to us, particularly if he happens to be a matzoth ball fiend. Anywhere from fifteen to twenty matzoth balls are regarded as a mere appetizer by some men, to get them in trim for their Passover dinner, just as a man might take. dinner, just as a man might take a half dozen clams under other circumstances. The matzoth balls are served up in soup, which must be clear as crystal, rich and

which must be clear as crystal, rich and tasty, and yet delicate.

"The balls themselves are a compound of beaten eggs, moistened matzoths, grated almonds, spice, and the least suspicion of ugar. The moulding alone is a work of

"The cook dips her hands in matzoth meal, and breaks off a bit from the sticky mass. This she rolls quickly in her palms until it is a sphere. It looks easy, but here is where skill comes in. More matzoth

here is where skill comes in. More matzoth balls are made soggy by poor handling than from any other cause. And if a matzoth ball is heavy"—— A gesture denoted the hopeless conditions of the matzoth ball market under such circumstances.

"The women who make the best matzoth ballsare the Hungarian and Polish Jewesses, For a cook must be of the faith to get them just right, just as it takes a born Jewess to turn you out a plate of perfect noodle soun.

flood, but the inundation of last week was too strong for them.

The banks were broken down and the floods tore across the asparagus beds, destroying all vegetation. A single hour blasted all hopes of a prosperous canning season in that part of California. The Hichmott Asparagus Canning Company and the California Fruit Canning Association telegraphed to New York that they saw no prospect of shipping a can of asparagus this season. The largest canning plant on Bouldin Island was entirely destroyed.

The latest reports say that there will be no crop from these islands for two years, and that the California asparagus yield has been reduced one-half. "The Polish women are accustomed to "The Polish women are accustomed to fry them to a delicate golden brown in some fry them to a delicate golden brown in some especially prepared goose drippings. Some-times they add a soupcon of onions. The Germans, on the other hand, simply drop them for a moment or two in boiling salted water and turn the clear soup over them immediately they are strained. The Eng-lish Jewess cooks them in the soup itself.

Early Arrival of Robins in Maine. From the Bangor News.

of the strangest sights ever seen in laine was that in the rear of the farm buildoad in Winslow, Saturday. About the middle of the forenoon a flock of birds of con-siderable numbers was seen approaching and as they neared the farm of Mr. Smith they suddenly swooped down into a field. Then it was seen that the birds were robins and that there were more than 1,000 of them. The robins ran around over the snow from bare spot to bare spot, over the ledges and fences, picking here and there industriously. The field last year was sown to grain and it is supposed the birds found some of it remaining. Prof. E. F. Hitchings says he never heard of robins coming to Maine in such large numbers so early in the year, nor does he recall ever hearing of so many together at any season of the year. and as they neared the farm of Mr. Smith

BEAUTY'S APRIL RAIN BATHS.

COMPLEXIONS MOSTLY IN NEED Where Small Folks of Fashion OF REPAIRS JUST NOW.

Ravages Worked by March Winds in Pretty Faces-The Cure in April Showers Resource of the 'Mobiling Woman Remedies for the Freckles of Spring.

the popular custom of dressing in brand The Easter girl surveys herself in the glass to-day and groans. Her turquoise not hold good for their children. The hat looks grotesque set over her sunburnt real Fifth avenue may not see the parents face and her gay finery has a startling in spring finery of an Easter morning, but appearance in connection with her comlexion, which has suffered from the winds, the sleet, the sun of early spring.

Ragged is the only word to apply to the spring complexion. It is ragged in hue with specks of color here and there and blotches where you least expect to find them. And ragged is the word to apply also to the skin. The sun of early spring, while it is not

so pitilessly hot as in July, is certainly very trying. It comes out and gleams hot and fitfully for a few minutes. Then i disappears and a cold wind sweeps over the earth. Then come the driving showers and the woman seeks her home with a burning skin and a cuticle remarkable for nothing except its blemishes.

People who freckle are at their worst The little boy's feet have not yet lost in the spring, for the freckles come early their baby roundness of sole that makes and look as if they were prepared to stay each step a teeter. He seizes the end of the each step a teeter. He setzes the end of the cane and proceeds more evenly.

There is great self-consciousness shown by the children when they make their first appearance on Easter morning. This is because of their new clothes.

The boys come down the steps with averted eyes. Little girls glance about at once for attention as they stand on the top step, balancing on their hands great straw disks covered with little flowers, leaves and long grasses. Some of them roll their late. They come out all at once, and, likemushrooms in the field, you find a whole crop where none existed the day before. The woman who freckles should wear a

veiled one want to wear her veil all the ime? And is it not rather trying upon the eyes and upon the nerves? A veil may do for beauty's sake, but is A few were boys and girls of 16, the t a comfortable thing to go veiled day in majority were younger and some so small and day out, even when one goes for one's that the idea of their playing in a string

veil. That is easy to say. But does the

eyes languorously under the wide irils of poke bonnets whose ribbons, tied under their chins, press their curls about their cheeks in the most bewitching fashion. When these little girls get to walking in constitutional? A woman whose face is very sensitive to when these little girls get to waiting in the procession—it takes some time to get down the steps—there is a great deal of loitering on their part to study the new gloves that encase their chubby hands. A very little girl cannot study her gloves with-out stopping to do so, any more than she can get a satisfactory glimpee of her shoes without holding up the procession. freckles and blemishes of all kinds has a very effective way of keeping her skin It is called the automobile way, because the automobilists are doing it

This woman covers her face with a layer of skin food. Over this she places a lave of powder, the more the better. Thus protected behind the coating of

without holding up the procession.

In the case of the littlest girls the latter operation is very precarious. In tucking back the ruffled skirts and in leaning over powder she goes out to auto. No sun back the ruffled skirts and in leaning over to obtain the coveted glimpse of russet or patent leather toes the little woman is apt to forget the relation of herself to her toes and she topples over, a ball of lace and flowers and silk—a victim of vanity.

Among the small girls it will be noticed at once that there is a weakness for some special detall of their costume. A case in point is that of the little lady in the Paris bonnet with oddly placed bouquets of design over the ears touches her skin and she comes home as clear of freckles as she went forth. But for pedestrian purposes few women

eare to fresco themselves in this style So the layer of beauty cream is put on thinly. And over this there is a delicate layer of powder, not enough to be visible. The woman who dislikes to use powder in the day time can comfort herself with the thought that it will soon blow off.

daisies over the ears.

She stops frequently on her walk and rolls her eyes from side to side in inimitable coquetry. Her nurse explains that she is trying to see the flowers over her ears and to draw the other children's attention to them. There was never a face powder made which would show after a good April breeze had swept over it, and there are very few good face powders in these days that are visible to the naked eye at all.

The art of making face powders has progressed in the last decade and powders now Streamers have always been a source of great satisfaction to small feminine hearts The Park avenue sunshine brings then gressed in the last decade and powders nov

come to match every complexion.

March winds leave April's girl not smil March winds leave Aprils gir not smiling but crying, for they have a trick of turning her yellow. To change her complexion back to peaches and cream requires wise and careful treatment.

"To treat the skin in the morning, begin the night before," says a wise beauty specialist. "If I had a yellow skin I would be to still the skin in the morning begin the night before," says a wise beauty specialist.

specialist. "If I had a yellow skin I would eat spinach for my evening meal and plenty of celery. I would wind up with stewed fruit and, before I went to bed, I would indulge in a dish of prunes. Thus I would get my digestion in good working order.

"Next morning I would drink two cupe of het water with a largen senegged in "Next morning I would drink two cups of hot water with a lemon squeezed in each. Then I would be ready for my breakfast, which would consist of everything I wanted except coffee."

But diet will not do everything to clear up a March complexion. There must be a little local application in the shape of a good lotion.

if done as it should be done. The most lasting method is to apply hot cloths to the face. The cloths are wrung out of boiling water and are applied while very wet to the skin. They must not be hot enough

dasplay a crispness of costume that shows a careful preparation for the lit-tle Fifth avenue Easter parade. They to cause any discomfort.

Following the face steaming a woman should rub a little good skin food into her face. There is nothing that will take the place of good skin application.

Wrinkles can be massaged out at this time and furrows filled in. All the little bad places in the face can be pinched and treated, and the complexion can be brought out as good as new.

April's daughter will also need a few discuss the small people, and it's, "Now, isn't she the cutest?" and "Will you look at her holding up her skirt soit won't touch." and "Isn't he handsome?" and a hundred

and an undered other appreciatory comments.

Later on in the morning the self-consciousness among the children wears off and they almost forget their new clothes and have good times together of a dignified Sunday order. It is a sight worth walking some blocks out of one; a way so see—little

out as good as new.

April's daughter will also need a few lotions with which to bathe her face when she comes in after a good bracing walk in the spring winds, and one of the best is made by taking glycerine with rose water and enough benzoin to make it milks. Those who cannot bear glycerine upor the face can use rose water and benzoin.
Ten drops of benzoin will suffice for two
ounces of rose water. If the skin be very
tender, witch hazel can be used with a little

powdered borax.

"The trouble with skin lotions," said woman who treats complexions, "is that they make the skin tender. So with wash-ing the face. It makes the skin liable to

chap.

"A woman after washing her face in the morning should not go out of doors for a couple of hours. And she who applies a lotion to her cuticle should not venture into the winds for a long time.

"April's showers are the best thing in the world for the skin. A little rain water made lukewarm can be used with the very heat results upon the complexion.

best results upon the complexion.

"Begin by treating the freekles. Take
a pint of warm rain water and add to it a
teaspoon of borax powder. Bathe the
face well with this, letting the water get hotter and hotter.

"Now take a cup of this hot soft water and add to it the juice of a lemon. Nov bathe the face well. Let the acid dry or

"Wash off after fifteen minutes. If the freckles are very obstinate, take the juic of a lemon and add to it an equal quantit of rain water. Let this remain on a whol

week with the state. The asparagus industry of the State. The canning companies, in view of the peculiarities of the rivers, had walled in their asparagus farms with earth embankments twelve feet in height and extending clear twelve feet in height and extending clear cup of very hot soft water, will do wonders toward smoothing out a poor rough skin. And, if one wants a really good facial bath a little witch hazel can be added to this. a little witch hazel can be adde making a very soothing lotion."

> INDIANS AS CUSTOMERS. More Particular About Their Clothing Than Their Food.

From the Emporia (Kan.) Gazette.
Mrs. J. I. White is from Porter, I. T., where her husband runs a store. Porter is a brand new town, and is now in the boom state. There are a great many Indians about Porter, and they are the store's best customers.

When Mr. White went to the Territory. he supposed the Indians would demand as low priced goods as it is possible to sell, but found out that the redskins were not just as he sized them up. The Indians want the sportiest things on the market. They turn up their noses at cheap clothes, and want loud colors and costly garbs. When Christmas came it was natural to suppose that the Indians would also want costly sweets as well as costly clothes, and Mr. White was surprised to find that the Indians passed up the high priced candles and bought the cheap-est kind possible. The most they could get for the money was the kind they wanted The Indians argued that they are the candy and no one saw it, but with the clothing it was different, as every one saw the clothes they wore. The red man is much more particular about what he puts on his back

years old and weighs 215 pounds. He is a brother of W. C. Payne, principal of the colored public school of Fulton. His parents, who live near Fulton, weigh about 200 pounds who live hear Fulton, weigh about 200 pounds each.

When Early was 10 years of age his weight was about 140 pounds. About one year ago he weighed 185 pounds. His height is now 5 feet 6 inches. Some of his measurements will convey some idea of his size: Chest, normal, 45 inches; chest, expanded, 47 inches; waist, 42 inches; right calf, 18 inches; left calf, 17 inches. than what he puts in his stomach As to Hard Luck Stories. From the Washington Star.

"Don't go 'round tellin' yoh hand luck stories
De 'mount of sympathy you gits aln't worth of
suspicion you excites of bein' a Jonah."

LITTLE MUSICIANS OF THE GHETTO

The Talent Displayed by Some Poor East Side Children

portion of it, wandered into the gilded

region of uptown, a region where the shop

signs are not in Hebrew and the women

wear hats instead of shawls on their heads,

where even the faithful say their prayers

in the synagogue without the talith, or

praying shawl, and women wear neither

Fortieth street was blocked by carriages

and Mendelssohn Hall crowded with these

stylish women, waiting for some East Side

children to make their bows and play their

Though the programme, with its list of

classio composers, looked ambitious, of

course, not much was to be anticipated in

the way of performance. But Settlement work on the East Side is popular enough

to attract a crowd, even of women who

have never penetrated the Ghetto; and this

was to be a concert of the Music School

One by one they straggled on to the stage

the pale little denizens of the Ghetto, bear-

ing their fiddles and clad in wonderful

finery of whole suits and white frocks

The conductor rapped with his baton,

bows flew into position, and the opening

bars of the beautiful allegro from Haydn's

Quartet No. 8 fell upon the ears of the as-

tonished audience. To the end the selec-

but with style and precision and a volume

of sound nothing short of wonderful to one

Then a little girl, a mere slip of a child

her black hair tied with a big red bow.

climbed on to the piano stool. She had

already attracted attention as she sat in

the orchestra, her short legs dangling from

her chair, while she sawed away at her little

A boy not much older than she-a typi-

cal Ghetto boy, pale faced and bright eyed

-stepped forward with his violin, and

together they played a Mozart allegretto

As the child's small fingers, which could

hardly have stretched an octave, struck

the piano with the assured touch of the

virtuoso, while the notes of the fiddle rose

clear, correct, sympathetic, the audience

The children acknowledged the applause

with awkward little bows. They had none of

Later on Mme. Schumann-Heink sang,

the airs and graces of petted childhood.

and to her was presented a sheaf of Ameri-

can Beauty roses. Straight toward the

little pianist, where she sat in the orchestra

went the prima donna, and with a bow and

It was a pretty sight, the gracious singer

and the little Ghetto child, awkward, em-

barrassed, delighted, clutching in one

hand her fiddle and bow, in the other a

There were piano solos, and more duets

and orchestral numbers, all performed

revelation to the majority of the listeners.

"How can they do it?" was the question-

question that one woman, at least, in the

audience determined to solve by meeting

these little Mowzilewskys and Levinskys

The Music School Settlement occupies

small, shabby house on Rivington street-

a house subdivided by partitions into a

number of small rooms-where, after schoo

hours, nearly two hundred young Russian

and Roumanian Jews take their turns in

They begin young, these musicians o

One day little Clara Rabinowitz an-

peared before her teacher dragging by the

hand a small, puffy personage, with a drol

eye and a smile that plainly offered to share

"My little brother wants to take lessons

"He's pretty small," said the teacher

"He's nearly four, and he's awful smart.

The puffy personage, inflated with self-

"George Washington Rabinowitz-an' I'm

So George Washington began his career

as a violinist under the tuition of Abie Tol-

hinsky. Abie himself, though only 12,

is a comparatively finished performer,

beginners. All the advanced pupils of the

nusic school are set to teaching, as the

best possible means of clinching the instruction that they themselves receive.

George Washington, from the start, has

"The thtaff," he announces with pride,

fing a loud report on the floor above:

and earns his own lessons by teaching

the joke of life with any sympathizer.

said Clara.

doubtfully.

leaded the sister.

mportance, lisped.

awful thmart."

"What's your name?"

een a credit to the school.

practising, giving and receiving lessons.

and Rabinowitzes on their own ground.

stalk of roses nearly as tall as herself.

a smile gave her the roses.

could not restrain its murmurs of delight.

the children were obliged to use.

orchestra seemed absurd.

upon the task in hand.

little pieces. The audience was indul-

plush nor satin, and yet look stylish

gently expectant.

Settlement.

On a day in March the Ghetto, or a small | "hath five lineth and four thpathes." But though he has reached the advanced age of 4 years, his attention will sometimes wander, and then Abie, his teacher, grows severe.

"Georgie, you've got apples and bananas in your head instead of brains, that's what vou've got." And Georgie, pondering this novel state-

ment, repeats thoughtfully:

"Mine head ith full of appleth and bananath." No wonder that Clara Weiss and Marya

Schwartz, two fifteen-year-old girls, perform brilliantly, the first on the piano, the second on the violin, and already earn their own food and clothes. For Ghetto children combine with the musical temperament of the Slav the application and tenacity of purpose of the Jew.

Clara Rabinowitz, taking her violin lesson her eyes fixed anxiously on some new and difficult notes, her thin little figure clad in a poor woollen frock, was even more interesting than when she stood on the stage of Mendelssohn Hall grasping Mme. Schumann-Heink's roses. "Clara was doing so well on the plane

that I discouraged her taking violin lessons, too," said her teacher. "But she took up the fiddle by herself, and I found it was useless to try to confine her to one instrument."

As they took their seats and began to "Do you like to play in the orchestra, tune their instruments they showed no Clara?" asked the visitor.

The child's grave, intelligent little face trace of self-consciousness. The child of the swarming Ghetto lives too much in the brightened, and her great dark eyes grew public eye to mind strange faces, and these particular children were intelligently intent

luminous. "Oh, I love it, " she sighed. Clara is 9, and the eldest of five children. "What does your father do to support such a family?" was the next question.

Clara grew thoughtful. "He embroiders, and makes tassels and fringes," she said. "But work is awful tion was played, not only in perfect unison, bad. He does nothing now for two weeks. "And your mother?" "Well," said Clara, "it's this way. My who knew what wretchedly cheap violins

mother, one day she's up and well, and he next day she's sick in bed." "But how do you get on when she is sick?" "The lady in the back room, she comes in and helps. She's awful fond of my

mamma. Poor little family of musicians, struggling against such odds to realize their sense of the beautiful! Surely, as those who have lived among them know, the people of the

Ghetto sacrifice to their ideals. "Sometimes I think," went on Clara, just suppose I could get a piano!" and her eyes took on a far away, ecstatio look. I think then--"she paused for words, and added quite simply, "I think then I would play even better than I do now."

From the music school the visitor-it was Friday afternoon-went to the synagogue. She took her way through streets where sights, sounds and smells offended the senses, where poverty went hand in hand with squalor.

But once inside the synagogue she fell under the enchantment of noble musicthe sonorous chanting of the cantor, the wild, piercing, minor cadences of the hymns, sung by a perfectly trained boy

On another day she went to a literary on another day she went to a literary entertainment at the Educational Alliance, where a dark, bearded man, a Ghetto Jew, came forward to sing. He did not choose a music hall ditty, nor the last cheaply sentimental love song. He sang Shubert's "Wanderer," and sang it with such emotion, such intelligence, that the listener astonished, delighted, thrilled

astonished, delighted, thrilled.

As she rode uptown, pondering many things, she forecast the day when New York should become a truly musical city, and asked herself if the Ghetto would not

have contributed largely to this result. Twelve Was This Man's Hoodoo.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean. The big clock in the bankruptcy clerk's office in the Monadnock Building was striking 12 yesterday at noon when a man with a dis-appointed look on his face sauntered into the room and leaned heavily on the desiof Assistant Clerk John E. Fay.

of Assistant Clerk John E. Fay.

"My debts are twice as much as my assets," he said. "I want to be a bankrupt."

As Mr. Fay recorded the man's name he ventured, smiling: "All right, on the stroke of 12."

The clerk's words produced an effect almost magical on the would-be bankrupt.

"What do you know about that?" the man almost gasped, becoming much excited.

"About what?" asked the clerk.

"On the stroke of 12," replied the man.

"That sentence has been a hoodoo to me for years. I was robbed on the stroke of 12, almost scorched by fire at 12, I awaken in the night as the clock strikes midnight, and the reason I am filing a petition in bankruptcy is because, fool that I was, I attempted to launch a theatrical company producing a play of that name."

As the man turned away, Clerk Fay numbered the petition "10412" and entered it on the twelfth page of his ledger.

He Wasn't to Be Fooled by a Sign.

From the Lewiston Evening Journal. An old fellow from one of Portland's most An old fellow from one of Portland's most remote suburbs, while passing a certain hardware store in that city the other day, noticed a sign which rend: "Cast Iron Sinks." The old fellow chuckled softly to himself, then gradually, as the absurdity of it dawned upon him more forcibly, he broke into a loud guffaw. A passerby, attracted by the apparently unseemly mirth of the old man, made bold to ask what amused him so. "Why, gol durn it." he sputtered between spasms, "ef some folkses air not gettin' ter be reg'lar durn fules. The idee uv hangin' up er sign tellin' people that 'cast iron sinks."



Flannery has come home